

## HALLOWEEN HORROR STORY: THE IMPORTANT MEETING! - by Emma Böhm (9c)

It was already dark when I sat on my bed and saw colorful leaves falling on the wet road in the light of a flickering streetlamp.

It had been raining all day and I spent the whole day in my warm room.

A little later, the moon shimmered through my window. For that reason, I decided to go to sleep because I had an important meeting the next morning. So, I turned off the cozy light.

Suddenly, I heard a squeaky noise at the postbox, which was about eight meters away from my front door.

I carefully looked out of my window when I saw a dark shadow standing next to the postbox doing something with it. I couldn't tell who it was. What did this person want there?

I quickly searched for my cell phone to see what time it was - 0.42 a.m. -. I probably slept longer than I thought.

Then, I looked if the person was still there, but she wasn't. My adrenaline rose.

With terrible fear, I sneaked downstairs and pulled a jacket over my body. I carefully opened the front door and nervously went to the postbox to see what the person had done.

An ice-cold shower ran over my back. It was frightening to stand alone in the cold. I felt watched, but no one was there. I couldn't see anyone. The street was empty and a few carved pumpkins could be seen from afar.

I ran back to the open door as fast as I could, so I could escape this creepy feeling. THE DOOR! Before I could reach the door, the wind had struck it.

I was frantically looking for my key. It wasn't in my jacket. I must have forgotten it inside. Such a crap!

I was so overwhelmed and so scared. Shortly afterwards, I remembered that my parents, who stayed with friends over the weekend, had handed over a spare key to our neighbors, in case something happens.

I immediately ran to the neighboring house of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, 300 meters away. On the way there, I had to pass the cemetery to get to their house. I didn't feel comfortable.

I ran slower. The trees were blowing in the wind and the paths were covered with fog. Branches cracked and the graves didn't give me the safest feeling either.

I had almost survived the way through the cemetery. Only a few meters left. I could already see the house of the Wallace family. I was little bit relieved, but still hadn't arrived.

Suddenly, I heard a whisper above me on one of the many trees. My heart was racing. I just wanted to get away from here.

The whisper was gone, or at least I thought so. IT WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME! I didn't turn around at all and ran off. I ran for my life, but IT was fast. Faster than me! I felt how I was grabbed from behind and pulled up on a tree.

I was shaking and couldn't scream for help. It whispered quietly "Oh dear, I can hear your blood flow".

### **The next day:**

"At the house search, we found a note on which it says, 'important meeting, tomorrow at 9 a.m.'. We don't know what this meeting was about, but she will no longer be able to attend this meeting.", said the police spokesman from Salam, Massachusetts.

In the background, only one police officer was heard saying, "Blood, everywhere is blood!".